Phobos and Deimos

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Phobos and Deimos

by nbcravenstag

Summary

“Everyone is a moon, and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody.” Hannibal says, breaking the comfortable silence.

Will hums but doesn’t look away from the sky. “Except to each other.”

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Set directly after the sent of part one, Will transforms in front of Hannibal for the first time, then Hannibal gets to watch the Rougarou hunt.

Notes

Hiya! Everyone has been begging for another part to this, so I came up with another oneshot! I will absolutely write more if you guys like it, but thank you so much for all of your kind words! I was nervous that no one would like this idea, but you guys are so sweet to me. <3

Brief TW for derogatory language towards Will.

I hope you enjoy this one!

Canary

See the end of the work for more notes

The moon is not full anymore, but she looks beautiful and glorious in the deep blue sky where she rests with clouds around her like silk garments. The air is much colder than it was this morning, and Hannibal is grateful for his thick overcoat and gloves.

Will on the other hand is clad in only his flannel and jeans, and it's obvious he isn't quite comfortable, but he had insisted that more layers weren't necessary for what he was about to do.

It's well after ten PM, and it's eerily, beautifully quiet in Wolf Trap. The wind is blowing gently, the trees are black silhouettes in the distance, and the night is peaceful and calm.

Hannibal gazes over at Will, who isn't looking at him, but instead focuses all of his attention on the moon. Under the silver light, his hair looks black and his eyes are a depthless crystal blue, and there is a small, peaceful smile on his lips.

"Everyone is a moon, and has a dark side which he never shows to anybody." Hannibal says, breaking the comfortable silence.

Will hums but doesn't look away from the sky. "Except to each other." He replies fondly.

Hannibal smiles back and reaches up to stroke his knuckles across Will's cheek. "Do you know the names of the twin moons of Mars?"

"Phobos and Deimos."

"Very good. Phobos and Deimos were the twin sons of Ares and Aphrodite, known as Mars and Venus to the Romans. They accompanied Ares into battle on many occasions to bring disorder and fear to their enemies."

"Phobos was the personification of panic, and Deimos was dread." Will glances at him with a knowing, but incredibly fond look. "Should we discuss mirror images next, Doctor?"

Hannibal's smile turns into a smirk. "I believe that would be a discussion for another time. I believe you wanted to show me something."

Will's eyes flash and when he smiles, a rush of excitement and lust flow through Hannibal's blood. His boy sheds his flannel and tosses it on the porch steps behind him, exposing his bare arms. Then, he pulls his t-shirt up and over his head and sets it aside with the flannel, and Hannibal's eyes trail hungrily over his porcelain skin.

When Will turns his back, Hannibal sees the angry outline of animal teeth marks etched into the skin of his left flank, silvery-white and scarred over after almost a decade of being there, and he can't help himself. He reaches out and trails his fingers over the marks and Will sighs and leans back into the touch. Hannibal takes advantage and pulls his boy into his arms, Will's back against his chest, and presses soft but possessive little kisses to his neck.

Will shudders when he feels the heat of Hannibal's breath on his throat, then twists backward so that he can kiss him properly. "You know, for someone so keen on seeing me

transformed," Will teases, nipping at Hannibal's lip. "You are sure delaying your gratification."

"There is nothing wrong with delayed gratification." He says lowly. "But, believe me, *mylimasis,* I am perfectly content to simply have you with me like this."

"You're just a big ol' softie underneath those devil horns, aren't you?" Will's cheeks are startlingly pink in the moonlight, doing nothing to sate Hannibal's desire for him. Hannibal bites down on Will's neck, eliciting a little gasp, but before he can do it again, Will jumps away from him, making him nearly lose his balance. He scowls, but he can't feel too upset when Will looks flushed and slightly out of it. "Do you want to see this or what?" He snaps, though he sounds affectionately exasperated instead of irritated.

Hannibal dips his head and places his hands behind his back. "My apologies." He isn't sorry at all, and Will knows it, but his boy just shakes his head.

Will continues to strip himself down to his bare skin, and Hannibal just watches him, appreciating and adoring every inch of skin that is revealed. Will is a beautiful man, and Hannibal can't help but feel protective over this moment. He doesn't know how exactly he is going to react when Will actually transforms, but he knows it will be rapturous to see.

Will shivers in the cold but makes no move to hurry, despite being entirely nude and standing in the snow. He turns and presses a swift, but hungry kiss to Hannibal's lips, gripping his shoulders tightly then pulls away and begins to run.

Hannibal is momentarily stunned by the heat of Will's kiss, so it takes him a few moments to realize why Will is running away from him and why he forced him back a few feet, but he takes his own step backward to offer more room. He wouldn't be upset if Will accidentally hurt him, but he knows Will would be upset by it.

Once he's a good thirty feet away, Will turns back to face him, then hunches over like he's about to crouch. Hannibal can't look away from him. Will smiles at him, a soft, affectionate, wicked grin, takes a deep breath in, then lunges forward. Hannibal's heart briefly drops into his stomach at the speed at which Will begins to charge at him, knowing what is to come, but he doesn't run.

Will uses his momentum to take a running leap toward him. His body seems to almost ripple and contort, like the muscles are beginning to rearrange themselves, and then, in a silent explosion, Will Graham's human form is no more. Dark chestnut fur replaces porcelain skin, large paws replace hands and feet, and Hannibal gets to watch as the Rougarou lands just in front of him in the snow on his powerful legs. He feels the vibrations through his shoes when Will lands, and his heart pounds loud enough to be heard in his own ears.

" Dieve mano, tu graži. Per visus savo metus niekada nemaniau, kad tave rasiu." Hannibal's voice is shaking with awe. Pride, love, bewilderment, and excitement are flowing through him so heavily that he feels almost lightheaded. How can such a beautiful thing exist? And how is he so lucky that it all belongs to him?

The wolf is turned away from him, a necessary precaution, Will explained, for Hannibal's safety during the transformation, but he quickly turns around and trots to Hannibal's side. Will's beautiful eyes are sparkling in the moonlight, and Hannibal falls a little more in love with him. Will's wolf comes up to Hannibal's stomach while on all fours, so Hannibal doesn't have to lean over all that much when he reaches out and cradles his large head in his hands. He strokes affectionately at Will's face, dipping behind the ears to scratch like he would with the dogs. "You divine creature. That was beautiful, Will." He murmurs. His tone may be quiet, but his voice is thick with emotion.

Will yips happily at him, and Hannibal laughs when the wolf's tail starts wagging excitedly.

"You know, Will, I have never used this word to describe a single thing on this planet, but I must say, you are rather… *adorable* as a wolf." He teases, pressing a kiss to Will's nose. The wetness is cold and rather unpleasant, but he's willing to let it go.

Will's expression turns into a glare, and his lips pull back over his large, dangerous teeth in warning.

Hannibal chuckles. He knows his boy is annoyed, and the thrill of it makes him feel hopelessly besotted. "You may not be able to speak, but I am well aware you are being rude to me. I suppose your comments will have to wait."

Will growls at him, but then something flashes in his expression, and it catches Hannibal's attention. It isn't malice, but pure, genuine mischief. Hannibal gives him a challenging look.

He very quickly wishes he hadn't.

A very wet, very warm, sobering tongue trails up the side of his face from the bottom of his jaw, all the way up, catching the corner of his mouth, and he just narrowly avoids getting it in his eye. Hannibal jerks away in revulsion and wipes at his face.

Will is barking like he's laughing, and Hannibal glares daggers at him. "I recant my previous statement. You are a tiresome, ridiculous mutt." He retorts. Will just keeps on grinning at him, which is even more ridiculous because he's a wolf, so his large tongue is lolled out in such a goofy way that Hannibal feels his irritation melting away to loving exasperation.

"You will pay heavily for that later, you little horror." He finally says with a sigh, though he's smiling through the threat.

Will approaches him and nuzzles at his side with his nose, clearly trying to be charming to avoid Hannibal's supposed wrath, but Hannibal doesn't mind being manipulated. He loves this boy too much to really care.

A thought occurs to him as he watches Will, and his hands still. Will's large head tilts back up and his eyes show his confusion, so Hannibal smiles, dropping his mask to the monster underneath.

"Will," He begins.

The wolf goes still, his eyes fixed on Hannibal, though there is a fire radiating from him, and Hannibal knows that Will is listening.

“I have a meal that needs preparing at home. Would you care to join me?”

Will is frozen for only a few seconds, and then he blinks once.

“I wonder what your neighbors are going to think of you bringing me home so late, Dr. Lecter.” Will teases him quietly as Hannibal is slipping the key into the lock of his house.

Hannibal shakes his head. “It is likely they are all asleep by now, but, I assume they would think I was bringing home a beautiful man to thoroughly ravish.”

Will sputters out a shocked laugh. *“Jesus,* Hannibal. Please tell me that’s a promise at least.”

“Oh, it is, my love.” Hannibal turns and cages him against the closed door, crushing their lips together and swallowing the greedy moans escaping Will’s throat. He pulls away but rests his forehead against Will’s so that he can look into his eyes. “But that is for later. Come with me.” He takes Will’s hand and pulls him toward the basement where his gift awaits.

They descend the stairs side-by-side. Will is looking around the dark room, taking everything in; the surgical tools, the curtains, the bright emergency room lights, and most importantly, the barely conscious man restrained on a metal slab. He is lying down on his back, and he’s completely nude, and when his head lulls over to see them approach, he lets out a terrified whimper.

Will stands completely still and stares the man down. His face is vacant and cold, but there is a wildfire blossoming behind his gaze and Hannibal can feel the energy radiating through him. He wraps his arms around Will’s front and hooks his chin over his shoulder. “Yes?” He whispers in his ear.

“What did he do to offend you?” Will asks monotonously. He doesn’t bother keeping his voice down.

“I di’n’t do anythin’!” The pig wails, the sedative making his words syrupy thick.

“Mr. Christensen here was audacious enough to hit his wife across the face during a Gala last weekend. He did not think that anyone was watching.” He says this casually, but fondly remembers planning the meal out of him the moment Mrs. Christensen’s bright red cheek and tear-filled eyes came into view. Hannibal kisses Will’s pulse point and smiles as he feels it quicken beneath his lips. “Do you want him, beloved?”

“Yes.” Will breathes.

“F-fuck you!” Mr. Christensen shouts. “I’ll kill you. I’ll fuckin’ kill you!”

“Do be quiet.” Hannibal orders calmly. He kisses below Will’s ear and lowers his voice to say: “Do what you would like to him. I only ask that you spare his kidneys for our meal

tomorrow." Then, he lets go and steps back several paces, giving Will the room he needs.

Will doesn't move for a very long moment. He stares unblinking at his victim, a wolf hunting an elf through the trees, and breathes in the scent of the man's fear.

Mr. Christensen struggles against his bindings as the drowsiness begins to fade and the panic sets in. "C'mon man, you don't need to do this. I'll never do it again, okay?" He begs.

Will stays eerily silent and still, just watching the man crumble.

"Please don't do this, man! I won't hit her again, alright? I'll leave her, I'll *divorce* her, I'll never remarry, I'll never hit anyone else ever again, okay? *Okay?* Just let me go!" He's openly sobbing now, his pathetic tears mixing with the rivers of sweat running down his face while he pleads for his life.

When Will again doesn't say anything, the man lets out an enraged cry and thrashes forward. *"Say something!* Why don't you *say something* , you fucking *freak!"*

Rage bubbles up in Hannibal's blood and he has to physically restrain himself from slaughtering the pig himself for being so unspeakably rude to Will.

"Hey, motherfucker!" Christensen barks at Hannibal. "Come leash your bitch and come fight me like a fucking man!"

"Oh, but he doesn't have me on a leash." Will says calmly, extinguishing the venomous fire in Hannibal's vision and silencing the pig into wide-eyed submission. He takes one step closer to Christensen who flinches away. "You're part of my design now. He's here to watch me paint."

A shiver runs down Hannibal's spine at the ice in his boy's tone. Will Graham is a dazzling predator. Hannibal wants to give him the world. He wants to rip him open and curl around his heart so that they can be together always. He wants to worship him and keep him away from anyone and everyone else because there is no one else who can appreciate and understand Will as Hannibal can. No one else in the world deserves to have him, and no one will take Will Graham away from him.

Mr. Christensen is whimpering and crying out little pleas through his teeth, and his eyes are wide and terrified as he realizes that he is going to die. "Please, please, please, man, don't kill me, please." He begs.

Will crouches low to the ground, his eyes never leaving his prey.

"Please don't kill me, don't kill me, I'll never do it again, I swear to God!"

The sound of fabric tearing echoes behind his screams, and shreds of denim and flannel fall to the ground, revealing dark brown fur.

The Rougarou howls to the darkness and the sound goes right to Hannibal's heart.

"Oh, Jesus fucking Christ, what is that thing?"

Will lunges and sinks his teeth into Christensen’s throat. His screams become gurgled and wet as his esophagus is ripped out. The Rougarou is baptized in pig's blood and behind him, the Ripper beholds this glorious becoming with a smile on his face and devotion in his heart.

End Notes

Dieve mano, tu graži. Per visus savo metus niekada nemaniau, kad tave rasiu. - My God, you're beautiful. In all my years, I never thought I'd find you.

Hannibal's first line is a Mark Twain quote.

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